

IN LANDS OF GOLD

Prof. Swensberg's Description
of the Valleys of the

SACRAMENTO AND BRANCHES.

Hydraulic Mining as it is Carried on in
the Klamath Valley—Siskiyou
County and its Products.

[ARTICLE NUMBER XXXIII.]

Our trip northward led us through the beautiful Sacramento valley and along the rushing, tumbling picturesque Sacramento river and views of Mount Shasta. Mount Shasta, the grandest peak on the coast, is 14,490 feet high and perpetually hooded with snow. The coast range is grandly picturesque. The Sierra Nevada consists of rough and rugged buttes and towering summits. A portion of the county consists of abrupt mountain walls, precipices, high plateaus and small valleys.

Shasta is situated at the head of the Sacramento valley. Its greatest length from east to west is ninety miles and from north to south sixty miles. The mountains of the Sierra Nevada and coast ranges cover a large portion of the county on all sides except the south. They are rugged and lofty, rising more than 5,000 feet above the sea.

Four Rugged Peaks.

On the east there are four peaks of special prominence, separated from each other by a distance of ten to fifteen miles. Sassen's peak has an altitude of 10,577 feet, and is timbered two-thirds of the way up; the others are bald and usually covered with snow.

The southern portion of the county is a foothill region, half circular in shape, forming the northern end of the Sacramento Valley proper and embracing 500,000 acres; the altitude is from 500 to 2,500 feet. The central portion consists of table lands, varying in altitude from 500 to 700 feet. It has many narrow valleys. From this section eastward there is a gradual ascent to the mountains.

The streams of this section are numerous, and all fall into the Sacramento river. The McCloud river is one of the most picturesque streams in the state, tumbling its waters into the Sacramento, after some ninety miles through stony canyons and rocky ravines, over abrupt cliffs and through beautiful velvety valleys. It is a favorite fishing stream, and is the place of the salmon hatchery of the United States fish commissioner. There is the Little Sacramento, the Roaring river, Montgomery, the Hot creek, the Squaw creek, and numerous smaller streams.

The total length of the Sacramento, Pit, Little Sacramento, McCloud and Fall rivers in the county approximates about 250 miles.

Irrigation and Rainfall.

The average rainfall is about thirty-seven inches. Irrigation is unnecessary in this section, as the natural rainfall is sufficient for all ordinary purposes. The rainy season begins, as a rule, in September, never later than October, and extends, at intervals of two or four weeks, from that time until the middle of June, though the seasons vary in the different parts of the

state. During this entire time the ground is thoroughly saturated with moisture. This rainy period covers the whole of the growing season in California. At the end of the rainy season grains and grasses are ready for the harvest, fruits and grapes are beginning to ripen. Now follows the dry season, embracing the months of July, August and September, and under a cloudless sky crops are harvested and stored away, and fruits mature and acquire the delicious flavor for which they are noted. The dry season is just as much of a necessity as is the wet, for only under these conditions can perfect grain and fruit be grown.

Siskiyou County.

Siskiyou is one of the extreme northern counties of the state. It has the distinction of having the most elevated county of the state. Its surface is mountainous and often quite rugged. The two great mountain ranges of the state, Coast range and the Sierra range, meet in this county, while the outlying ranges of the Sierra Nevada are in the southeastern portion. The whole country about here is interspersed with small productive valleys. In the northeastern part of the county lie the lava beds, although the lava beds, of local Indian depredation history, are across the state line to the north. All of the country of this northeastern portion is a high plateau, part of which is called the Central Basin. It has large beds of lava divided by volcanic peaks. This plateau is from 3,500 to 4,000 feet above the sea level, having steep mountains rising still 10,000 feet higher.

Wonderful Water Power.

Siskiyou is one of the best watered counties in California. The Klamath, Shasta, Scott, Trinity and Salmon rivers find their sources in the mountains of Siskiyou county and their streams furnish water power which would turn the machinery of half a dozen states. Two great rivers start toward the ocean from Siskiyou, the Klamath and the Sacramento, thus making it the divide between two divergent watersheds. The chief agricultural lands of Siskiyou are the Shasta and Scott valleys. Scott valley is forty miles wide, and is largely under cultivation. Shasta valley is a lava plain containing a few fertile spots. There are a few smaller valleys of good farming land, all of which produce large crops of grain and vegetables and the hardier fruits, such as are grown in the middle states.

Mining for Gold.

One of the leading industries of Siskiyou at present is mining. Every stream and gulch in the southern and western portion contains gold and quartz.

Placer, hydraulic and deep channel mining are carried on extensively in numerous localities. Much placer mining is done in the old fashion way, and good results are obtained. There are also mines of iron, coal, copper, cinnabar, marble, stone, onyx, etc. The Klamath river is mined nearly its whole length of 150 miles by means of wing dams with current wheels to work the dericks, pumps and electric lights, while huge dip wheels raise water for the sluices. The county has inexhaustible resources of rich gold-bearing quartz, as yet scarcely touched.

The climate is more like that of the middle states, but not so severe in winter. The weather in summer is warm, with cool nights. The snow falls on the mountains to a great depth, and in the valleys from twelve to fifteen inches and remains on the ground from eight to twelve weeks. At Fort

Jones the mean annual temperature is 48.09, the highest 94 degrees and lowest 4 degrees below zero.

Snow-Capped Shasta.

Long before we reached the opposite of Shasta we could see its snow-capped summit in the far distance, and as the train approached nearer and nearer to the lofty pinnacles we became entranced with the beauty and sublimity of the white-capped peak.

The track winds around the base of Mount Shasta, which gives the traveler an excellent view of its different sides, all of which command the highest praise from the appreciative eye-bolder. New phases of the peak are offered as we proceed onward and upward, in and through its continuously winding panoramas. Just south of the mountain itself are great natural springs, pure as crystal and cold as ice during midsummer heat. On our arrival at Shasta Springs the train was halted to give us an opportunity of taking draughts of the natural soda water as it flows from an everlasting copious spring. The soda is of the purest quality, as it spouts up from nature's own laboratory. The water is clear and sparkling, it has a very pleasant taste and said to be very excellent for medicinal purposes.

The Legend of Shasta Spring.

"Where the tree-tops perfume canopies of green;
Where the streams are terraced with pools of limpid cheer;
Where the landscape is with entrancing beauty rife;
Where the buoyant air provides an added charm for life;
There—there is where Shasta lies," C. G. S.

QUAILS AND SNAKES.

Rather Dangerous Sport for Hunters That Are Not Wary.

A few days ago a Californian left the big brickyard, near Anderson, for a quail hunt along the banks of the Sacramento river. Under a cover of brush he discovered a nice flock of birds, but when he raised his gun to have a shot they disappeared. He felt satisfied that there were quite a number under a particular bush, and he blazed away.

The noisy fluttering which followed told him the result, and he ran for his prize, and just as he was reaching out his hand to catch a wounded quail he was suddenly shocked to discover an enormous rattlesnake in the line of the bird. The man, although weighing nearly three hundred pounds, jumped backward six feet from the brush, and then gained his breath. He approached the birds again, with his gun cocked and ready for a sudden shot, and learned that the snake was dead. When he fired at the birds he killed the snake and six quail, although none of the birds or the serpent were in view. The snake had eight rattlers and a button and was three and a half feet in length.

SHE HEARD MANY VOICES.

Her Ears Were Out of Focus, But Her Case Was Not Singular.

A few days ago a well-known teacher of singing presented herself to a physician, says the Mahogany Tree, and, in irritated tone of voice, said: "Doctor, I wish you would tell me what ails me. I hear fifty voices every time anyone speaks to me."

The doctor looked at her a moment and then replied: "Madam, you probably hear two." "I am sure," persisted the teacher, "that I hear twenty." "Two," stoically replied the doctor; and he picked up a tuning fork, touched it

and applied it to her ear. "What note is that?" he asked. She told him; and he gave her the same pitch in the other ear. "And that?" And, behold! it sounded a minor third lower.

"As I told you," said the medicine man, "you are suffering from a depression of the nerves in one ear." To use a homely but significant misapplication of terms, her ears were out of focus. The teacher was in great distress. "It does not hurt, and it does not show," she complained, "but I could better afford to have rheumatic fever. Did anyone ever have it before?"

The doctor laughed. "Bless your heart, madam," he said, "as many as twenty of the Symphony orchestra men had the same affliction last winter."

Think of the possibilities of the spread of such a disease! Singers sing out of tune, players wander from the pitch, and it may not be their fault. Their ears may be out of focus. Critics suffering from the same disastrous affliction may wrongfully accuse performers. All differences of opinion may be due to this auricular depression. The humorous possibilities arising from the existence of such a complaint are very suggestive. It will appear in the light of a boomerang to both artist and critics.

OLD IN HALF AN HOUR.

Animals That Live Fifty Generations in a Day.

The ephemerals, tiny-winged insects, which were said to be born in the morning, to be in the prime of life at noon, and to be in extreme old age at sunset, are put completely in the shade by the group of animals which Dr. Dallinger has been investigating, and which he has named saccophytes. So inconceivably small are these creatures that six million of them could be placed on the severed end of a hair of medium thickness.

The function of the group is to play the part of scavengers. They breed in dead organic matter, breaking up the tissue in order to set free the gases and other elements of which it is composed. No fiction can be stranger and more wonderful than the true story of the life of these invisible creatures. When born, by the process of fissures from the parent body, they are tiny specks of egg-shaped protoplasm. Minute by minute they grow larger. Then the bodies are quartered, as it were, by the appearance of a lengthwise and crosswise fissure; further fissures are speedily carried diagonally through the divisions of the cross. Then a third series of fissures is carried through the diagonals. The next process is a kind of twist, that gives the fissures a graceful curve. Last of all, the body of the creature breaks up entirely, and each section between the fissures becomes a complete creature itself, and commences the same round of existence.

The whole of these changes, from the separation of a new creature from the parent body till it breaks up in the same manner, takes place within half an hour.

Rossetti's First Love.

When Gabriel Dante Rossetti was very young, scarcely more than a boy, he was deeply in love with a young girl, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, and having a poet's gift he sang a poet's love in numerous sonnets and verses to her. She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts

of these poems were placed in the cases and laid under her head, so that even in the last sleep they should be as they always had been, kept beneath her pillow.

Years passed by and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writings most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried. He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events he could furnish none; and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so. At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and, all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with, the grave which had been sealed for many years was opened in the presence of a wondering few.

Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proven to be of perishable material and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death and had twined among the leaves of the poet's papers, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eyes that made response to that love.

On What the Queen Sleeps.

In these days royalty does not seem to concern itself so much about such magnificent sleeping couches. It is well known that our gracious sovereign always includes a bed among her traveling belongings, which is sent from Windsor Castle whenever her Majesty goes anywhere.

It is said to be a perfectly simple bedstead of maple wood, with plain hangings arranged as a tent, muslin curtains and a hair mattress. Two beds were manufactured at the castle works, one of which were placed in the Queen's cabin on board the Osborne, and the other sent in advance to the Schloss occupied by her Majesty in Darmstadt.

The royal visitor is said sometimes to leave her bed as a sort of souvenir. One, we are told, is at Dunkeld, and others at Baden and Coburg.—Chamber's Journal.

Perpetual Indicator.

A useful time indicator for business and professional men has been patented. It is fixed on the outside of the door, in the usual way, but the face is covered with glass and the hands are moved by means of a hollow tube running through the door. The face of the indicator is made like a clock face, with hour and minute hands. In addition to this there is a slot where additional or special instructions, such, for instance, as "Out of town," "Is within," "Is engaged," can be displayed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Forced Bribery.

Judge—You admit that you bribed the witness, as the other side charge?

Lawyer—Yes, your Honor, but—

Judge—Severely? What?

Lawyer—I bribed him to tell the truth.

He was going to lie for the other side.—Puck.

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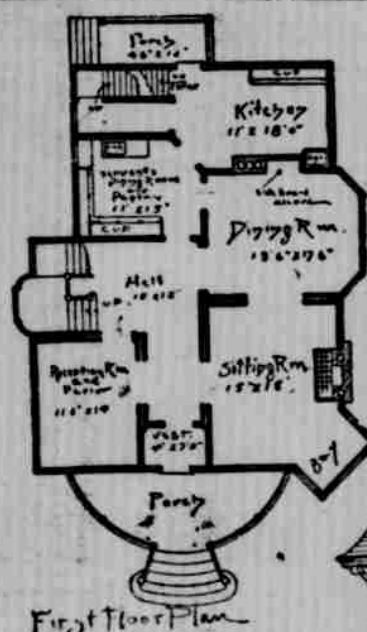
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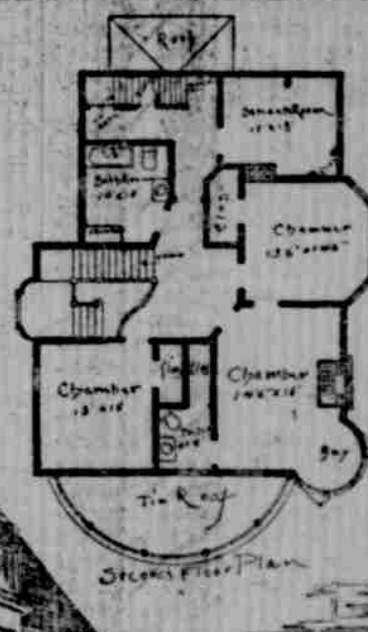
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